LONG LONG AGO, THERE WAS A LITTLE WIND-UP
OOLL CREATEO BY AN ALCHEMIST.

THE WIND-UP DOLL LEARNED TO SPEAK
FROM THE ALCHEMIST,

AS WELL AS HOW TO WRITE,

HOW TO FEEL EMOTIONS,

AND RECEIVED ALL OF HIS LOVE.

THE WINO-UP OOLL CAREO
FOR THE ALCHEMIST SO MUCH.

BUT...

WHENEVER THE ALCHEMIST TAUGHT
THE WIND-UP DOLL, HE WOULO ALWAYS SAY:

"I ALWAYS WANTED TO BRING MY SON BACK TO LIFE.

THINK OF MY SON'S COLO, DEAD BODY BENEATH
THE EARTH. ISN'T IT HEART-BREAKING?
I CAN'T STAND THIS SADNESS.

SO I'M GOING TO MAKE A SON.
I'LL GIVE HIM A WARM BODY, A HEART AND
THE BREATH OF LIFE, AND I'LL GIVE HIM
MY FAMILY NAME AND A WONDERFUL FIRST NAME.

ZOE LEV...

DOESN'T THAT SOUND GOOD?

HEARING THIS, THE WIND-UP DOLL
KNEW RIGHT AWAY.

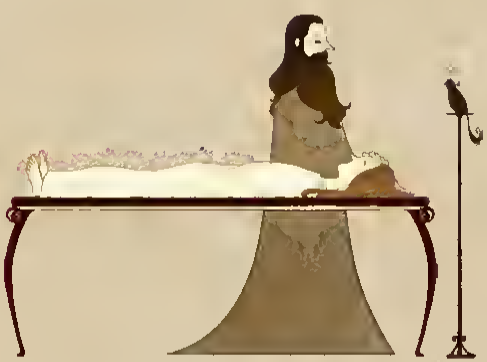
"AH... I CAN'T BECOME HIS FAMILY...
I CAN NEVER HAVE THAT NAME..."

THE ALCHEMIST DIDN'T ALLOW
THE WINO-UP OOLL TO CALL HIM "FATHER,"
AND MAOE HIM ONLY CALL HIM "MASTER."

THE WIND-UP DOLL RECEIVED
PLENTY OF LOVE FROM HIS MASTER

BUT HE STILL FELT SOMEWHAT LONELY.

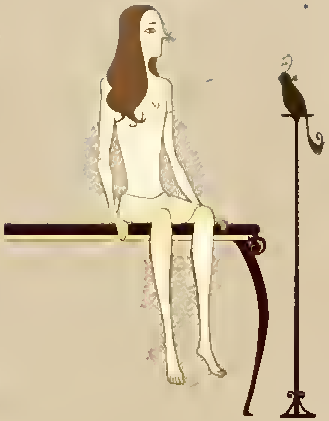
THEN ONE DAY.



"THIS IS THE "BOY" I CDMPLETED YESTERDAY.

LOOK AFTER HIM ANO TEACH HIM WELL.

JUST AS I DID FOR YOU."



JUST AS HIS MASTER REQUESTED,
THE WIND-UP DOLL LOOKED AFTER THE BIG DOLL.

HE TAUGHT HIM HOW TO SPEAK, AND HOW TO READ...

BUT

HE NEVER TAUGHT HIM HOW TO FEEL.

BECAUSE THE WIND-UP DOLL KNEW

THE MOMENT THAT DOLL LEARNS TO FEEL,

MY MASTER WILL ABANDON ME.

WHY AREN'T YOU CLEANING?

...NO REASON.

NO REASON?

WHAT'S THIS FEELING? IT'S SO WARM.

THAT'S BECAUSE SUNLIGHT IS SUPPOSED TO BE WARM.

IT'S NOT JUST SIMPLY WARM.

IT'S LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING ROLLING
AROUNO IN MY HEART.

THE FEELING IS GRAOUALLY SPREAOING

TO MY FINGERTIPS,

THE TIPS OF MY TOES,

ANO THE ENDS OF MY HAIR.

I JUST WANT TO CLOSE MY EYES ANO BE STILL.

AT THIS MOMENT, THE WINO-UP OOLL
WAS EXTREMELY ANXIOUS.

"WHAT IF HE BECOMES MASTER'S FAMILY?"

THE WIND-UP DDLL THDUGHT ABDUT IT DVER AND DVER.

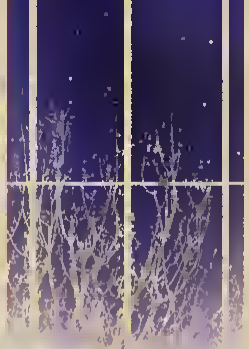
AND HE FINALLY REACHED A CDNCLUSIDN.

RUN WHILE YOU CAN!
MASTER IS GOING TO KILL YOU SOON!
LOOK AT THEM!
YOU'LL BE CUT UP INTO
PIECES JUST LIKE THEM

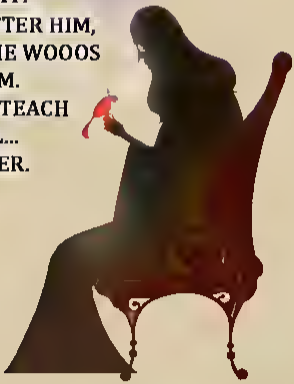
THE WIND-UP DOLL ENDEO UP DRIVING
THE BIG DDLL OUT.

AFTER FINALLY DEVELOPING EMOTIONS,
THE BIG DOLL RAN FROM THE HOUSE IN FEAR AND
VANISHEO INTO THE FOREST.

SO WHAT HAPPENEO
TO THAT "BOY"?



HE RAN AWAY.
I TRIED RUNNING AFTER HIM,
BUT HE RAN INTO THE WOOOS
SO I LOST HIM.
I WAS TRYING TO TEACH
HIM TO FEEL...
SORRY, MASTER.



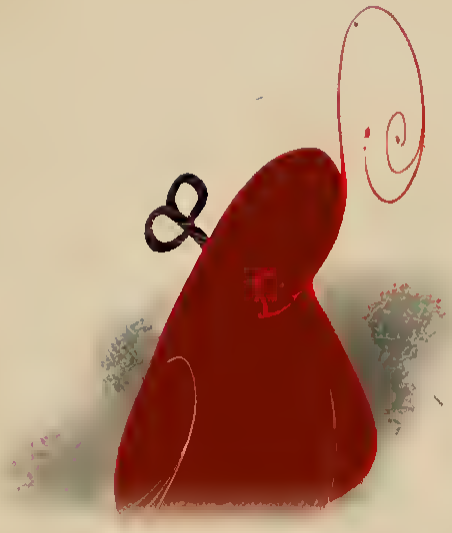
IF HE WENT INTO THE WOODS...
THEN HE WDN'T BE SAFE.
HE'LL END UP BEING RIPPEO TO
SHREOS BY THE WOLVES.

...YOU WON'T

HATE ME, WILL YOU?

WHY WOULD I HATE YOU? IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.

THE ALCHEMIST HELD THE WIND-UP DOLL TIGHTLY IN HIS ARMS.



FEELING HIS EMBRACE,
THE DOLL GAVE A SMILE OF RELIEF.

A LONG TIME PASSED AFTER THAT.

"NOW, I'LL NEED YOUR HELP AGAIN."

ONCE AGAIN, THE WIND-UP DOLL TAUGHT THE NEW DOLL.

EVERYTHING EXCEPT EMOTIONS,
OF COURSE...

"HOW IS THE 'THING' THIS TIME?"
"STILL NO EMOTIONS."

"BUT I'M STILL TEACHING HIM."

"I SEE..."

"TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT."

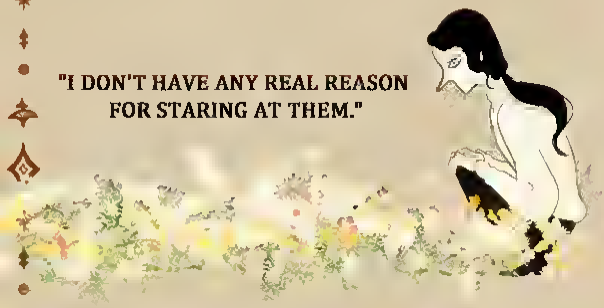
"THOSE ARE
WILD FLOWERS.
THEY USUALLY BLOOM
IN SPRING."

"WILO FLOWERS...
OON'T THEY HAVE NAMES?"
"THEY'RE JUST CALLEO
WILO FLOWERS."
"IT'O BE NICE IF THEY HAO
NAMES THOUGH."
"...NOT JUST ANYTHING CAN HAVE A NAME.
LIKE THESE FLOWERS,

OR YOU."

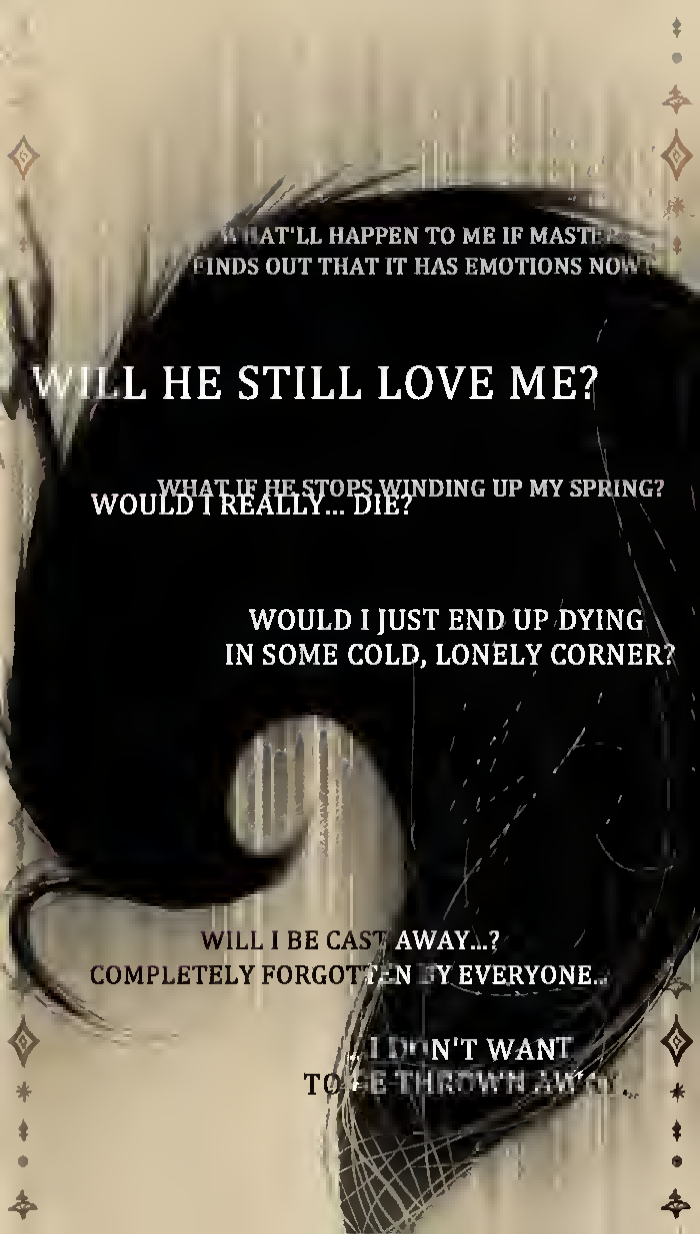
"WHY OO YOU KEEP STARING AT THE FLOWERS?"

"I DON'T HAVE ANY REAL REASON FOR STARING AT THEM."



"I JUST...
WANT TO STARE AT THEM."

THE WIND-UP DOLL BECAME AFRAID AGAIN.


WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ME IF MASTER
FINDS OUT THAT IT HAS EMOTIONS NOW?
WILL HE STILL LOVE ME?
WHAT IF HE STOPS WINDING UP MY SPRING?
WOULD I REALLY... DIE?
WOULD I JUST END UP DYING
IN SOME COLD, LONELY CORNER?
WILL I BE CAST AWAY...?
COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN BY EVERYONE...
I DON'T WANT
TO BE THROWN AWAY...

I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE. I-

AT THAT MOMENT, THE WIND-UP DOLL SAW THE ALCHEMIST BEFORE HIS EYES.

HIS WHITE, FADED HAIR,
HIS WRINKLE-COVERED FACE,
THAT WEAK, TREMBLING BODY,
AND THOSE DULL EYES.

THE WIND-UP DOLL THOUGHT TO HIMSELF.

"HOW MUCH LONGER WILL MISTER [illegible] BE ABLE TO STAY WITH [illegible]"

AND HE STARED AT THE DOLL.

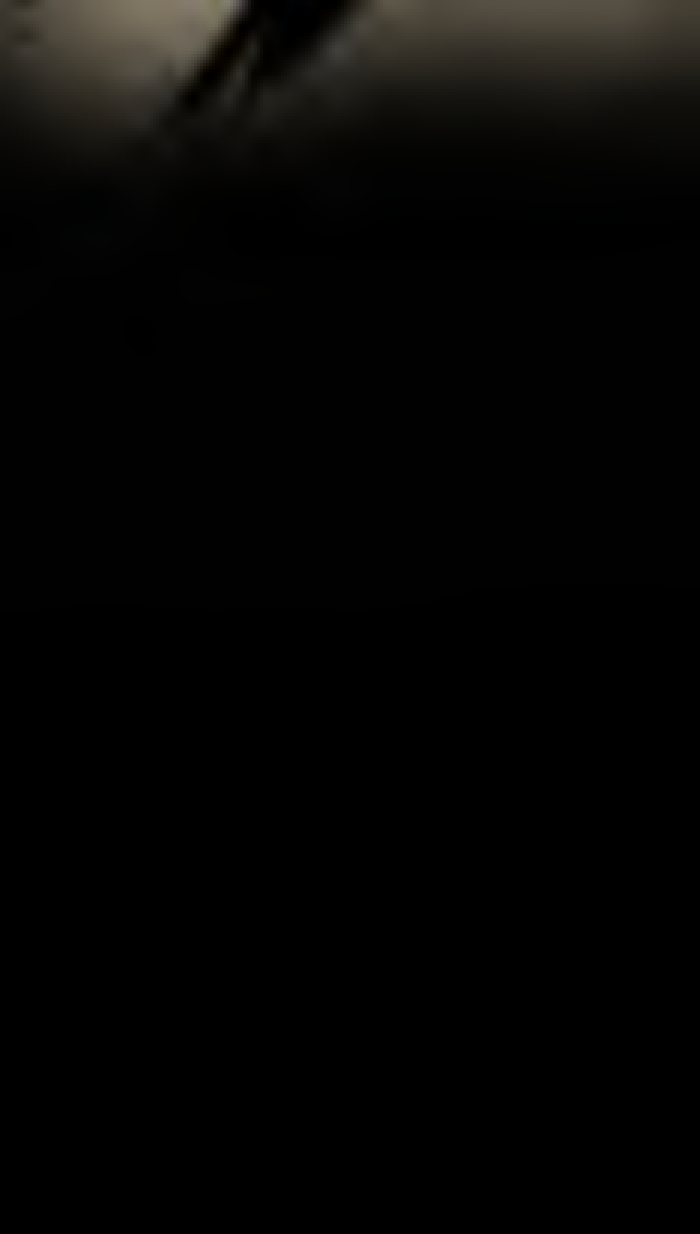
A DOLL WHOSE YOUTH WOULD NEVER CHANGE

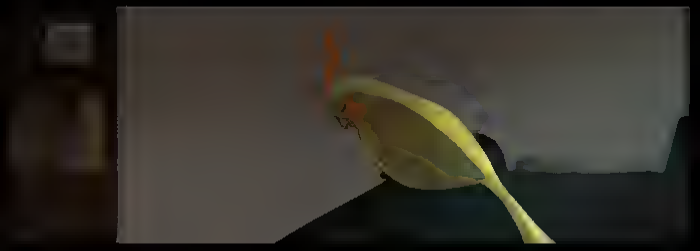
NO MATTER HOW MUCH TIME PASSES

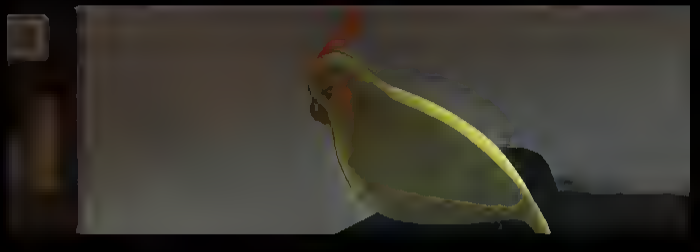
THE WIND-UP DOLL SMILED.

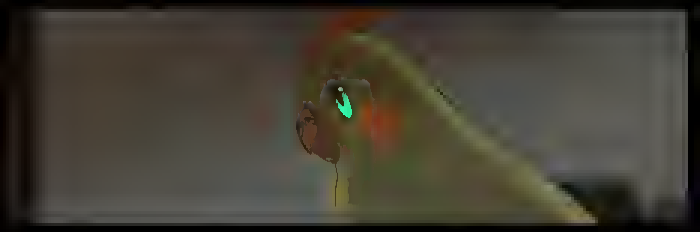
A BRIGHTER SMILE THAN
EVER BEFORE.

I DON'T WANT TO
BE ALONE.









WOOSH
PUFFF
I DON'T MIND BEING COLD... SO LET'S JUST GO HOME.
I HATE BEING HERE.

...
WHY AREN'T YOU SAYING ANYTHING?
ANSWER ME! YOU PROMISED YOU'D GO WITH ME!!
YOU SAID WE'D GO BACK TO OUR ORIGINAL HOME!!!
...WE'LL STILL GO.
BUT I WANT TO REPAY JANE FOR EVERYTHING SHE'S DONE

YOU WANT TO REPAY HER?
YOU?
WHAT HAS SHE DONE FOR YOU?

I'VE GOTTEN A LOT OF THINGS FROM HER.

TO REPAY HER, I WANT TO FINISH TELLING HER THE STORY THAT I SAID I WOULD.
SNORE
THEN WE'LL LEAVE, ROY.
I PROMISE.

'DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE.'

Winter Woods

STORY BY COSMOS

ART BY VAN JI

ASSISTANT HYENSEO LEE

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